

THE LEISURE HOUR.

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



HOW JULIUS VAN BROEK CONFIRMED HIS IDENTITY.

THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY.

CHAPTER II.—THE PATROONS OF NEW YORK STATE.

In those days gone by, when the present State of New York was a colony of Holland, when the city of New York was known as Nieuwe Amsterdam, and when the Knickerbockers (immortalized in Washington Irving's celebrated "Knickerbocker History of New York") held undisputed sway over the territory, the vast and fertile lands in the northern and western districts of the State—then a wilderness of impenetrable forest—were portioned out amongst, and held in proprietorship by, a

class of men known as patroons, who had, in the first instance, received these lands as grants from the Crown of Holland.

These patroons were originally similar in many respects to English country squires of the last century—a burly, rough, hospitable, ignorant set of men—half gentlemen, half farmers, partial to field sports, and more conversant with the best mode of rearing and fattening cattle than with books and literature. As, however, the colony increased in wealth and importance, and the lands in value, the vast possessions of the patroons raised them to the position of great territorial seigneurs.

Towns and villages sprung up upon their lands; the rivers that coursed through their claims were rendered navigable to barges and small vessels; the timber of their woods and forests found a rapid sale; stone quarries and beds of minerals were found beneath the soil, and their wealth became incalculable.

From these patroons have sprung the families of the Van Rensselaers, the Ten Broeks (*Anglicè*, Breeches, *Scotticè*, Brecks), the Ten Eycks, the Beekmans, Bleekers, Livingstones, and others whose names bespeak their high Dutch lineage, and who are known as the "Knickerbocker," or ancient landed aristocracy of New York State, in contradistinction to the wealthy families who have, in the majority of instances, acquired their fortunes by trade, and who, with that quaint and not over-refined humour peculiar to the American people, are nicknamed the "Cod-fish aristocracy."*

The conquest of the colony by Great Britain made no change in the condition of these territorial seigneurs, who were permitted to retain possession of their original grants. In course of time, however, difficulties and troubles arose which led to frequent and sometimes to ruinous litigation. "Squatters" (so termed)—families who settled down on portions of wild waste or unclaimed forest land, and brought it under cultivation, and who were not only uninterrupted but were freely welcomed and encouraged at first, in consideration of the increased value their labour imparted to the land—were no sooner required to pay rent, than they boldly claimed the land on which they had settled, and which they had rendered valuable, as their own property, under the right of "squatter sovereignty." This right, until comparatively of late years (when the United States Government itself laid claim to all wild or waste lands, and sold them as low, in remote districts, as half a dollar an acre), gave to any "squatter" the tenure in fee simple, for himself and his heirs for ever, of any unclaimed, waste, or wild land, or forest which he had brought under cultivation, and upon which he had resided for a certain number of years. Many of the lands held by the patroons had never been properly surveyed. In fact, in many instances the lands had never been visited by the proprietors, who were frequently unable to define the actual boundaries of their own estates. In the disputes which took place lawyers on one side argued the rights of the patroons, and on the other side those of the squatters. These latter insisted that the wild forest lands, unsurveyed and often untrodden by man, and to which the nominal owners had no other claim than that conferred by the ancient grants of foreign governments (the boundaries of which grants were frequently vaguely defined, and sometimes even unknown), were

open to squatter settlement and sovereignty. The judges of the law courts were often as divided in opinion as the lawyers. Even where the rights and privileges of the patroons were allowed, it was frequently found to be impossible to eject the new settlers. When force was resorted to riots ensued. Incendiary fires lighted up the forests, and bands of armed men, with their faces blackened, or disguised as Indians, waylaid and maltreated, and in many instances fired at and fatally injured, those persons who were sent by the patroons to occupy the lands they (the squatters) had reclaimed from the wilderness. Thus the squatters were in many cases left to enjoy the fruits of their labours, though the law had decided against them; but they were liable to be perpetually harassed and to be forcibly ejected at any moment when the officers of the law felt themselves sufficiently strong to effect their purpose.

On the other hand, so tedious and so costly was frequently the progress of litigation, that funds to continue the contests were found wanting; and, meanwhile, the estates thus held in dispute between the patroons and the squatters were suffered to go to ruin, and the owners and their families were reduced to utter poverty. Thus had it been with the once wealthy family of the Van Broeks, whose estates, after having been in litigation for several generations, were at length "held in abeyance," for lack of funds to continue the contest. The old patroon and his immediate descendants died in poverty. The family became dispersed, and were at last lost sight of and forgotten, and the vast estates in the northern district of the State of New York, comprising some hundreds of thousands of acres, became a wilderness, upon which squatters settled wheresoever they chose, and felled the timber and hunted the game at their own will and pleasure.

Many years passed away. The grandson of the old patroon, had he been living, would have been a very, very old man, when one day the judges of the Supreme Court of the State suddenly woke up from their customary lethargy, and, why or wherefore no one knew, declared that the vast estates situate in the northern district of the State of New York, and commonly known as the "Great Van Broek Estates," were hereby released from abeyance, and that the heirs of the patroon Cornelius Van Broek were entitled to take immediate possession of the said estates, and to enjoy the rentals thereof, and all the rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

Great was the stir and excitement among the lesser legal fry of the State. What pickings there would be for the firm that could discover the heir or heirs, and lift them out of the obscurity into which they had subsided, and ingratiate themselves into their confidence. But, unfortunately, no heirs were to be found. To be sure many Van Broeks came forward and preferred their claims; but, when these claims were looked into, it was found—to use a homely expression—that they had not a leg to stand upon. All that could be satisfactorily proved was that, some twenty years previous to the decision of the Supreme Court, the great grandson of the patroon Cornelius Van Broek was known to have been serving as a common seaman, or, as some asserted, as a cabin-boy on board an East India "country ship," which traded between Bombay and Sumatra. And it was furthermore asserted, by the only witness that could be found who had any knowledge of the family, that the said great grandson of the patroon was an ignorant lad, who, to the best belief of the witness (himself an old sailor, whose father had been in the old patroon's service), was unconscious, until informed by the witness

* Some years ago a "Knickerbocker ball" was given in New York city. Cards of invitation were issued only to such persons as could claim pure Knickerbocker descent—all others were ineligible. Many who attended the gathering were poor, struggling professional men, with their wives and daughters, while some of the wealthiest families of the city, whose escutcheons were sullied by the bar-sinister of trade, were excluded; and, although the wealthy merchants and traders of New York frequently affect to despise the proud and often poor Knickerbockers, so great was the desire to secure the "mint stamp" of gentility which an invitation conferred, that not only were false pedigrees assumed, but in many instances vast sums were offered for tickets, and admission was sought to be obtained by bribes. Such endeavours, however, were vain. The names of all invited guests were submitted to a competent committee for approval or rejection, and the true Knickerbockers were obdurate.

The epithet "Cod-fish aristocracy" was originally applied to the magnates of the sperm-whale fisheries, resident at New Bedford and other towns on the coast of Massachusetts, who had made vast fortunes by their dealings in sperm-oil, and who, being generally uneducated men, affected great pretensions. The term was subsequently applied in derision to all men who had risen from a lowly condition through successful industry.

himself, who had sailed on board the same ship with him, that he was in any way connected with the patroon Cornelius Van Broek, and who had no idea of the high estate from which he had fallen. Thus the lawyers found themselves in an awkward dilemma. Nevertheless, there were many who would have immediately despatched their agents to the East Indies to hunt up this lost heir, to whom the wealth of his ancestors, immeasurably increased by the greatly advanced value of land, and timber, and other property, had at length descended. But the judges of the Supreme Court, whose fatherly care had nursed the estates—after a somewhat rude and step-fatherly fashion, it must be confessed—through so many successive generations of their own august body, here stepped in, and, greatly to the disgust of the lawyers, who had determined upon sacrificing their time and money, and devoting their untiring energies to the discovery of the rightful heir, appointed Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop, of the city of Albany, in the State of New York, to act as sole trustees, solicitors, and agents, etc., etc., of the said Van Broek estates, for, and in behalf of, the heir or heirs to the said estates, whenever such heir or heirs should appear to make good their claims.

And Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop, of the city of Albany to wit, having fulfilled the demands of the law by sending out to the East Indies a fitting advertisement of the decision of the Supreme Court, and by notifying the heirs to the estate of this decision, "whosoever the said heirs, if in existence, may be," felt that they had done their duty; and having, after a lapse of years, received no reply to this advertisement, the lawyers set themselves diligently to work to clear the land of non-rent-paying squatters, and to duly enforce the payment of the rent from those tenants who were suffered to remain on the land, and to improve the estates in every way that would increase their value, and thus tend to the benefit of the heir whenever he should make his appearance; or, as envious people said, to the benefit of Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop and their heirs, who, it was surmised, would derive the chief benefit from the increased and accumulating rents, until, in due course of time, the estates themselves, in default of the appearance of legal claimants, would revert to the possession of the sovereign State.

Thus matters rested, when, as recorded in the previous chapter, the lost heir suddenly and unexpectedly made his appearance before Mr. Swoop, in the office of Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop, in Albany, greatly to that gentleman's vexation and annoyance, and announced himself as Julius Van Broek, great grandson of the last patroon, Cornelius, of that name.

And now, having made this necessary explanation, I will proceed with my story.

CHAPTER III.—JULIUS VAN BROEK PROVES HIS IDENTITY BEFORE THE COURT IN A SINGULAR AND UNEXPECTED MANNER.

WHEN the news spread abroad that a claimant of the great Van Broek property had made his appearance, and that his claim was immediately to be tested before the Supreme Court, it created, as a matter of course, a great deal of interest and excitement in the community. It was a piece of good fortune to the newspapers, especially to those of Albany, and of the northern portion of the State, though the New York city journals interested themselves in the matter almost in an equal degree. The editors took different views of the cause. Some, especially the editors of those journals published in the northern districts of the State, espoused the cause of the claimant. It was to the interest of the

inhabitants of that portion of the State that the estates should be restored to the descendants of the Van Broek family, while the New York editors, as a general rule, were on the side of the State, which was in the position of a defendant in this cause. However, there was no time for a lengthened controversy; for within a fortnight after Mr. Julius Van Broek had presented himself before lawyer Swoop, in his office in Albany, the cause was brought before the court for adjudication.

Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop, as in duty bound, exerted every effort in behalf of the State to throw out the evidence of the plaintiff, and to render his claims untenable, though they privately assured him that they wished him success, and that nothing but their lively sense of duty led them to oppose him in court.

All their efforts, however, proved fruitless. The claimant produced the register of his birth and the certificate of his baptism in an obscure village in the State of Pennsylvania. The clergyman who had officiated at his christening, and who had attested to the certificate, was still living. The clergyman produced in court the registers of the death and burial of the plaintiff's parents, in the same village, while he (the plaintiff) was still an infant. His parents had died in extreme poverty, and the old servant of the family—now very aged and almost blind—who had taken compassion on the destitute grandson of her old master, came forward to prove that she had reared the infant as her own child until he was of an age to go to sea.

"I was too poor to send the child to school," said the old lady, "but I did the best I could under the circumstances, for his family's sake. And when he went to sea, I sewed them sartificates of his birth and christenin' in a bag, and told him to keep 'em so long as he lived, and p'raps, some day, they'd make a gentleman of him."

The old seaman, Amos Jepson, who had on a former occasion given such testimony before the court as he was able to afford, was sought for, and found among the inmates of the "Sailors' Snug Harbour," on Staten Island, N.Y. The old man, who, despite his eighty years, was still hale and hearty, testified to the fact that, some twenty or twenty-five years ago—more or less—(he kept no count of dates), he had sailed as "bo'sen" on board the country ship "Faker," that traded between Bombay and the Island of Sumatra, and that while on board the "Faker" he had been struck with the wonderful resemblance between the lad who acted as cabin-boy on board to the grandson of the old patroon Cornelius Van Broek, when the patroon was about the cabin-boy's age.

"How came you, Amos Jepson, to be so well acquainted with the Van Brooks?" inquired the judge.

"My father was a servant in the family, yer honour," replied the old man; "and many a day I've been out boating on the Hudson with the old patroon's grandson Julius when we wor both lads."

"What resulted from this resemblance—fancied or real—between the son of your father's master and the cabin-boy on board the 'Faker'?"

"Why, yer honour," said the old seaman, "I tuk an opportunity to ax the lad what was his name—for he was called 'Jack' aboard ship—and he said how he b'lieved his right name was Julius Van Broek; but he couldn't say whar he wor born, nor who his father was, nor nothin'. He wor a terr'ble ignorant lad, yer honour. But he showed me some papers as were sewed up in a black silk bag as he wore tied round his neck wi' a string, and he said how his mother had gi'n him them papers, and told him never to lose 'em; and I

ripped open the bag and looked at the dockyments, and seed how they were stificates o' birth and baptism o' Julius Van Broek, of Rilstone, in Pennsylvanny; and I sewed 'em up agin, and bid him take mighty good care on 'em."

"Had the lad himself any idea of the nature of these documents?" asked the judge.

"No, yer honour," answered the old seaman, "not a shadder of a idee. Maybe he might think they wos charms to keep him from drownin'; and I couldn't at first get the meanin' on 'em into his head, nohows I could fix it."

Here the plaintiff recalled to the old man's recollection several conversations that had taken place between them on the voyage from Bombay to the Island of Sumatra, and several incidents that had occurred during the stay of the "Fakeer" in the harbour of that island. He then stated that it was the story of the wealth that his great-grandfather had possessed, told him by Amos Jepson, that had awakened his ambition to improve his condition, and led him to quit the sea and seek a situation on shore. He obtained a situation in the office of a native merchant in Colombo, after many fruitless endeavours to obtain employment in various places, and set to work to teach himself to read and write. His progress was slow and painful, but he succeeded in course of time in interesting a missionary in his favour. This good man brought him forward, and eventually procured him less menial and more remunerative employment in Singapore. Here he acquired the esteem of his employer, who sent him to school, and in the course of years he rose to a better position, saved money, and eventually became a partner in his employer's firm. After the death of the gentleman who had so generously befriended him, he went to Calcutta, embarked in various speculations, and acquired a small fortune. This he invested in shipping, and was unfortunate. One vessel that he owned was lost, and others in which he had shares were unsuccessful. It was while he was in this position that he chanced to see an old newspaper which contained the advertisement that had been inserted six years before by Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop, of Albany. The advertisement recalled to his mind the story he had heard so many years before from the old sailor, and he was led to believe that it related to himself—that he, in fact, was the lost heir who was thus sought after. By the advice of friends, he wrote to a lawyer in Philadelphia, and the reply he received to that letter induced him to turn the remnant of his property into money, and return home to America, where an interview with the lawyer, in the city of Philadelphia, perfectly satisfied him that he would have little difficulty in proving his identity, and obtaining possession of his great-grandfather's estates. He then visited Albany, and the subsequent events relative to the matter were, he said, known to the court.

Mr. Bradford, the plaintiff's attorney, produced the letter he had received from Calcutta, and stated that the investigations he had secretly made at the desire of his client had satisfied him that the writer of the letter was the real heir to the vast property that had been so long held in abeyance. He had written to urge his client to return to America, and had hunted up the evidence produced of the death and burial of his client's parents, and had sought out the witnesses who now appeared in court. To him, he said, it appeared that not a link in the chain of evidence was wanting to prove his client's claim to the property in question.

The plaintiff was asked why, after the story he had heard from the old sailor, which had had such an effect

upon him as to induce him to improve his condition in life, he had not earlier made investigations which would have led to his discovery as the lost heir to the Van Broek estates?

He replied that, though at the time he heard the story he had felt an ambition to improve his condition, he had subsequently placed little faith in it. Still, some years later, he had made inquiries of a gentleman from New York, whom he had met in India, relative to his great-grandfather, Cornelius Van Broek, and had been told that such a person had once possessed vast property in New York State, but that it had all gone to rack and ruin, and none of the old patroon's descendants would ever be a "red cent" the better for it.

The story of the plaintiff's early struggles, related by himself, as it appeared, in a straightforward, manly manner, enlisted the sympathies of the court and spectators strongly in his behalf. Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop saw this profitable agency about to pass from them for ever, and they experienced no little uneasiness relative to the investigations that might take place, and the revelations that might be made, when they should be called upon to render an account of their stewardship, when matters took a turn which shed a gleam of hope upon their fainting spirits, and seemed to render it yet doubtful whether, after all, the plaintiff would not lose his cause at the very moment when it seemed to be won.

The difficulty turned upon the question of personal identity, for it was reasonably supposed that both Abigail Copley—the old dame who had adopted the infant—and Amos Jepson—the old seaman who had known the boy—would be enabled to recognise some feature or lineament in the person of the plaintiff.

"Mrs. Copley," inquired the judge, "what was the age of the child, Julius Van Broek, when he left your care to go to sea?"

"'Bout nine year, your honour, 's nigh 's I can guess," answered the old woman.

"You recollect his personal appearance?"

"He were very young, your honour. Bless his heart, I reckon how he hedn't much parsonal experience in them days," replied the old woman, who was somewhat deaf, as well as nearly blind.

"His per-so-nal *ap-pea-rance*," repeated the judge, in a loud, distinct tone of voice. "I mean, you remember his features? You recollect whether he resembled his father or his mother, or not?"

"Oh—eh—yes, your honour," said the old woman. "He were the very spit of his feyther, bless him. Their feeturs, and har, and complexions were as like as two pigs'-heads is like one another."

A laugh arose in the court.

"Describe the child as you remember him, Dame Copley," said the judge.

"Well, he was a sweet child, your honour. I see him now before me, puddling his little head in the gutter in front of the house, which it was in a court off the main street of the village, and allers had a dirty pool of water in front, and the s'lect-men, they wouldn't do nothin'—"

"Keep to the question, my good woman. Describe the child's features, the colour of his eyes, hair, and so forth," said the judge, interrupting the old dame's account of the inconveniences of her village home.

"Well, your honour, I were a comin' to that. He were fair complected, and jist a bit poek-pitted—nothin' of consekens, and would wear away in course o' years, I dessay—wi' light, yellar har, and the pootiest little bloo eyes as could be. A little, podgy figgur, as bid far to grow up stout and portly, and not over tall, like to

his feyther, and all the fam'ly of the Van Broeks as ever I know'd."

Much amusement was created in court by the old woman's description of the graces of her adopted child, especially as it was impossible to conceive that such a child as she described could grow up to become the tall, well-formed, dark-haired, black-eyed, and decidedly good-looking gentleman who preferred his claims to the Van Broek estates.

"Look well at this gentleman, Mrs. Copley," said the judge (pointing out the plaintiff), "and say whether you can trace any likeness in his form or features to the child you have described. Thirty years would necessarily effect a thorough transformation in the appearance of any human being, especially when during those thirty years childhood has passed into middle age. Still the eyes of a parent, or a foster-mother, are frequently able to trace out certain lineaments which neither time nor change have been able to efface."

"Bless your honour!" exclaimed the old lady, "I ain't been able to discover a body's feeturs fur ten year past. When I put on my specs I can jist discern your honour and the other gentlemen, like so many shadders afore me, and that's all. But I heern the gentleman speak, and he's got the Van Broek v'ice esatterly. I'd a most recognise the v'ice if I heern it in my grave."

"Amos Jepson," said the judge, addressing the old sailor, "you knew the great-grandson of the patroon Cornelius Van Broek at a later period of life. What might have been the age of the lad you knew on board the 'Fakeer'?"

"Can't say, yer honour," replied the old man. "Twere a matter o' twenty, or mebbe twenty-five year agone. I ha'n't kep' no count o' time—"

"I was eighteen years of age, your honour, when I knew the witness, Amos Jepson, on board the 'Fakeer,'" interposed the plaintiff.

"An age," rejoined the judge, "when the form and features are to a certain degree set. Years, and climate, and different habits of life may, and doubtless have, effected great changes in the person and general appearance of the plaintiff since that period; nevertheless, there must be many traits of resemblance that you, Amos Jepson, cannot fail to trace. Can you perceive in the gentleman in whose behalf you appear as a witness any resemblance to the sailor lad Julius Van Broek?"

"That's what takes me down, yer honour," said the old man, vehemently. "I'm reg'lar flummuxed when I looks at him. The old lady ar spoke pooty correct, barrin' the pock-pits, which I don't recollect. Howsom-ever, she says how they wor nought to speak on, and mought ha' worn away wi' the chafin' o' time. But the lad I know'd wor the very spit of his father at his age—a short, chunky young fellar, wi' yaller har, and light-blue eyes; some'at slow in his ways, and drawlin' in his glib. This 'ere genelman has got the v'ice o' the Van Broeks, and he's told me o' the very conversations we had together on board the 'Fakeer,' and the very things as happened in the port o' Sumatry; and them 'ere docyments looks to be the same docyments, in the very 'dential illed silk-bag as young Julius Van Broek ('Jack,' we used to call him fur short) weared round his neck. But, though I'm nigh on to eighty, I'm got my eyesight and my senses as 'cute as many a young man; and yet I can scarce make it out! I wouldn't swar false fur no man, and I never seen years, nor climate, nor nothin' else make sich a mighty change in a chap. I never know'd as they'd change a man's eyes from blue

to black, to say nothin' of his har, which, beggin' yer honour's and the genelman's pardon, mought be dyed. And then, again, I'd as soon 'spected the stump of a lower mast to shoot up into a sky-sail pole as to ha' seed the lad Julius shoot up into sich a tall, fine-lookin' genelman. It ar a puzzle, sartingly."

The court appeared to be as much puzzled as the honest old sailor, and an awkward silence ensued, during which the judge conversed in whispers with his coadjutors on the bench. Suddenly, however, the old sailor slapped his hand upon the table with a sound that startled every one present.

"I has it, yer honour," he cried. "If the genelman can show what I ax him, I'd swar he wor the real Julius Van Broek if he 'peared in the shape of a Chinyman, or even a Guinea Nigger. Yer honour knows what tatooin' is? Well, I've got a nat'ral gift fur tatooin'. I larnt it when I was ashore fur three year 'mongst the S'ciety Islanders. I beat *them* as larnt me out and out, and reg'lar tatooed all the chiefs of all the islands round. I guess I mought ha' been a chief myself if I'd ha' staid wi' 'em. They thought so much on me, 'cos o' my nat'ral gift, d'ye see? Well, on board the 'Fakeer' I tatooed the arm o' Julius Van Broek in fust-rate, slap-up style. I tuk more keer and pains wi' that job nor ever I tuk afore or since, out o' kind o' respec' fur the fam'ly, d'ye see? What I ha' once tatooed never wars off. And if the genelman's what he says he is, he's got that 'ere tatoo on his arm now."

"Describe the marks or figures, old man," said the judge.

"It's on the right arm, yer honour," the old sailor went on to say. "Thar's the figger of a marmaid bootifully drawn out in red and bloo inks. Atop o' the marmaid thar's a liberty cap in black, and o' one side a horn o' plenty in green and bloo, and on tother a coopid, in bloo, a holding a 'merican Union Jack in the proper colours; and below thar's a bloo dolphin, and the letters J. V. B. in black. It stretches from the elber near up to the shoulder, and is altogether sich a horniment as a king mought be proud on."

"Do you possess this wonderful personal adornment, sir?" said the judge to the plaintiff, with a doubtful smile.

Without speaking a word, the plaintiff threw off his coat and drew up his shirt-sleeve. The judges on the bench bent curiously forward, and the audience rose in their seats in a body. As for the old seaman, he was unable to restrain a cry of delight and wonder, while a suppressed murmur ran through the crowded court; for there, plainly visible to all—the colours quite faded by time, yet the forms clear as ever—were the figures that Amos Jepson had described, extending from the elbow to the shoulder of the right arm, and drawn with a degree of skill and an amount of artistic finish that justified the old man's boast.

"Ef that beant Julius Van Broek, I beant Amos Jepson," cried the old seaman in triumph. "I don't b'lieve thar's another livin' man could do that ar in that bootiful style."

A cheer arose from the audience, which the officers of the court were unable for some time to repress; and when at length silence was restored, the decision of the court was given in favour of the plaintiff, Julius Van Broek.

"JULIUS VAN BROEK v. THE STATE OF NEW YORK" was the heading under which the newspapers of the next morning published a full account of the trial; and now that the decision was given in favour of the claimant, even those editors who had most strenuously

opposed what they were pleased to term his "impudent pretensions" were loud in their congratulations on his success. A few harmless jests were made respecting the physiological changes produced by climate, and the advisability of the foundation of a school of tattooing, with the object of more readily identifying lost heirs, and it was proposed that Professor Amos Jepson should be placed at its head. But the early descriptions of the old seaman and the still older foster-mother were regarded generally as the mistaken impressions of age, and laughed at. Messrs. Nettletop and Swoop resigned their agency, and in a very short time Julius Van Broek, the new patroon, took formal possession of the estates of his forefathers, and became the acknowledged proprietor of Van Broek Manor.

A NEW YEAR IN JAN MAYEN'S ISLAND.

ONCE only have any human beings witnessed the arrival of the season in this remarkable island; and never again, it may be safely affirmed, will the experiment of wintering on its shores be voluntarily attempted. Nor is it easy to conceive any juncture of circumstances possible to enforce the hard necessity. The island bears the name of the captain of a Dutch whaler, who fell in with it in the year 1611. Though claimed for some time by the Government of Holland as a possession, on the ground of discovery, it has long been no man's land, and is very rarely visited, lying far apart from ordinary maritime thoroughfares. The east coast of Greenland and the north of Iceland are the most proximate shores. It is a little nearer the former than the latter, though at a considerable distance, not less than two hundred and fifty miles. Placed several degrees within the Arctic zone, and surrounded in the open season by the waters of a stormy ocean, it lies also in the direct path of the drift-ice from the north, which often accumulates along the shore to such an extent as to render approach difficult or impossible, even in the height of summer. A dot represents on the map the size of the island, about sixteen miles long by four miles wide. Yet, though so small and so isolated, it shoots up, in the snow-covered cone of Mount Beerenberg, like a church steeple, to the height of six thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea. This peak, as far as at present known, is the most northerly volcano in the world, and the highest point of the whole north-polar zone. In favourable weather it may be seen at the distance of more than a hundred miles, and is then a useful landmark to the navigator; but clouds so frequently veil the summit, and dense fogs envelop the base, that the saying of the original discoverer still holds good, "It was easier to hear the land than to see it." Magnificent glaciers descend from the lower slopes of the mountain to the water's edge. Their usual greenish gray colour, diversified by snow-white patches resembling foam, with black points of rock jutting out from the surface, gives them exactly the appearance of immense cascades which in falling have been fixed by the power of frost.

Such is Jan Mayen's Island. A narrative of real life is extant in relation to it; for, through eight dreary months, it was the allotted home of a few hardy mariners, with their minister, all of whom succumbed to the privations to which they were subject, and found a grave within its limits. They left a journal behind them, which, though brief and fragmentary, intended, also, chiefly to be meteorological, hints at touching incidents, pain, want, and loneliness, the precursors of their death. It furnishes also satisfactory evidence that the doomed

men sought and enjoyed the consolations of religion, and were enabled to bear with fortitude a protracted agony.

Soon after the discovery of the island, the Dutch Government wished to establish there a permanent station, as it was in the neighbourhood of their fishing-grounds, where the blubber might be boiled down, and the whole produce be reduced to the smallest bulk for transport home. With this object in view seven seamen were induced to try the experiment of staying through the winter at the solitary spot—namely, Outgert Jacobson, of Grootenbrook, commander; Adrian Martin Carman, of Schiedam, clerk; Thauniss Thaunissen, of Schermehem, cook; Dirk Peterson, of Veenhuysse; Peter Peterson, of Hariem; Sebastian Guyse, of Delfts-Haven; and Gerard Beautin, of Bruges. Huts were built for their accommodation, and an ample stock of salt provisions was left. It was an ill-advised and rash step. Little was then known of the rigour of a polar winter, or of the best mode of encountering the cold and guarding against scurvy, by activity and cheerfulness, proper diet and clothing. For fuel they had the drift-wood which the oceanic currents bring from distant shores and the waves cast upon the strand.

As the summer of 1635 wore on, the homeward-bound fishermen sailed away, not expecting again to see their comrades left behind, at the earliest date, till the June of the following year. "The 26th of August," the journal states, "our fleet set sail for Holland, with a strong north-east wind and a hollow sea, which continued all that night. The 28th, the wind the same. It began to snow very hard. We then shared half a pound of tobacco betwixt us, which was to be our allowance for a week. Towards evening we went about together, to see whether we could discover anything worth our observation, but met with nothing."

On the 8th of September they were "frightened by a noise as of something falling to the ground"—perhaps a rumble of the volcano. A month later it was so cold that their linen, after a moment's exposure to the air, became frozen like a board. Vast fleets of ice beleaguered the island. The sun ceased to show himself above the horizon; and their time was spent mostly "in rehearsing to one another the adventures that had befallen them both by sea and land." In the early part of December they began to feel the effects of a salt diet, but were fortunate enough to obtain a supply of fresh food by killing a bear. The animal had probably come with the drift-ice from the coast of Greenland, by which means it frequently reaches Iceland. As many as thirteen of these unwelcome visitors were thus imported in the season of 1860, but were readily destroyed on landing, being emaciated and weak from enforced abstinence during the long voyage. One of them found his way into a peasant's cabin in a manner scarcely more startling to the inmates than to himself. The snow being high against the low hut, Bruin unconsciously got upon the roof, and, scenting something savoury beneath, commenced scratching with his paws till he went headlong through the frail covering into the family circle.

The New Year's day of 1636 arrived. Friends and relatives in Holland had been sitting up to see the old year out and the new one in. Bells were ringing cheerily on the natal day of the cycle, while gifts, greetings, and good wishes for the next twelvemonth's experience were being exchanged.

"In village, grange, and borough town
The aged and the young, man, woman, and child,
Unite in social glee; even stranger dogs,
Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside
Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chase

Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow.
 With sober cheerfulness the grandam eyes
 Her offspring round her, all in health and peace,
 And, thankful that she's spared to see this day
 Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer
 That God would shed a blessing on their heads."

In no conviviality could the inmates of Jan Mayen's Island indulge on the occasion; but they failed not to note the time, and in a very proper manner, as men whose lives were in special jeopardy. "After having wished each other a happy new year, we went to prayers, to disburden our hearts before God."

The sun reappeared on the 25th of February. His beams were doubtless welcome, but their prospects became daily more and more gloomy. By the 22nd of March scurvy had declared itself; and "for want of refreshments we begin to be very heartless, and so afflicted that our legs are scarcely able to bear us." Under the 3rd of April it is recorded, "There being no more than two of us in health, we killed for the others the only two pullets we had left; and they fed pretty heartily upon them, in hopes it might prove a means to recover part of their strength. We were sorry we had not a dozen more for their sake."

The end was now nigh at hand. Adrian Carman, the clerk, died on Easter Day. "The Lord have mercy upon his soul, and upon us all, we being very sick." He had evidently been the journalist, and another hand continued the story a little longer. Under date the 23rd of April the entry is made, "We were by this time reduced to a very deplorable state, there being none of them all, except myself, that were able to help themselves, much less one another; so that the whole burden lay upon my shoulders; and I perform my duty as well as I am able, as long as God pleases to give me strength. I am just now a-going to help our commander out of his cabin, at his request, because he imagined by this change to ease his pain, he then struggling with death." A few records of the weather occur afterwards, that being the principal object which the employers of the party had in view; but by the 30th of April the writer's strength had given way, and the last sentence is left incomplete on the page. All were dead when the fishing vessels arrived from Holland. One was found with an open prayer-book by his side, another with his hand stretched out towards the ointment he had applied to his stiffened limbs, and the unfinished journal lay by the last survivor.

Though often seen, very few attempts have since been made to land on Mayen's Island. Dr. Scoresby was there in the year 1817, and made an excursion, naming his landing-place Jameson's Bay. He ascended a height jutting from the slope of Mount Beerenberg, and soon met with evidence of its volcanic character, passing over ashes, slag, baked clay, and scorice, while the ground sounded hollow beneath his feet. A piece of iron was met with, which appeared to have been derived from ironstone by a smelting process conducted in the furnace of nature. On the summit of the height, estimated at fifteen hundred feet, a beautiful circular crater was observed. From this eminence Beerenberg was seen, free from clouds, rising with great majesty into the region of perpetual frost, but no attempt was made to ascend the cone. Another crater similar to the preceding was sighted, near a stupendous accumulation of lava, having a castellated form. Not the least sign of vegetation was noticed for some time during the excursion; but at length tufts of plants in full flower came into view, scattered among the volcanic rocks. The volcano was then entirely inactive; but in the spring of the following year considerable jets of smoke were dis-

charged with great velocity. Lord Dufferin landed in July 1856, but encountered great difficulty from the breadth of the floating ice. It was at a point of the coast where there was a mere ribbon of beach alongside lofty basaltic cliffs. Sea-birds by myriads sat on the ledges, or flew about with such confiding curiosity that their wings might have been touched by holding out the hand. Rarely, and only for brief intervals, will they be disturbed in their haunt by the intrusion of man. It has once been his abode; and the pleasant reflection may be indulged of the circumstance that it became to a forlorn and pain-stricken band the "house of God," and the "gate of heaven."

EARLY MORNING CALLERS.



NE of the desirable things of life is not to be compelled to get out of bed at a specified early hour in the morning. Early rising, we grant, is an admirable thing, and combines all the advantages that Poor Richard has attributed to it—it is good for body, and mind, and

pocket, and all that; but yet we have a notion that to be good for much it ought to be voluntary, and not done under compulsion. To turn out with the lark for a bracing walk over the hills with gun or fishing-rod, or for a plunge in the sea and a manful grappling with the billows, is one thing; but to be lugged out of bed in the dark dawn, while one's limbs are yet weary with yesterday's toil, in order to face the toil of to-day, that is another thing; and if Poor Richard or anybody else thinks it is a good thing, all I can say is that he is welcome to my share of it. "Up in the morning's no for me—up in the morning airy." I can candidly say, under these conditions—though I know well enough what it is to anticipate the sun in his going forth, and to see the lark upspringing from her dewy nest to meet him—if early rising is a virtue, I do not care to be virtuous under the goad of tyrannous necessity: I would rather take a little more vicious repose and unprincipled slumber, at least until my weary limbs had recovered strength for a new day's work. In making this avowal it is pretty certain that I do but express the general sentiment on the subject; and yet how many are forced by the conditions of their lot to discard such sentiments, to thrust aside their weariness, and turn out of bed at the small hours of the morning, and who do so constantly, to administer to our convenience, while we scarcely bestow a thought upon them. Some of these humble industrials, most of whose benefactions are strictly of a domestic kind, I shall take the liberty to pass briefly under review.

Among the unfashionable morning calls to which one's household is liable it is not easy to say which is entitled to priority: it may be the sweep, it may be the washerwoman, or it may be neither of them, but the charwoman, come by appointment at the first dawn of a



midsummer morning to begin turning the house out o' windows. If it is the sweep, he may begin his hoarse ma-

tins by starlight, chanting them to the accompaniment of your street-door bell; and if you are awake, you wonder at the man's patient endurance as he waits, perhaps in the snow or drizzle, while Betty the housemaid is making up her mind as to when it will be advisable to get up and go down and let him in. He rings again, and he sings again, and you detect no symptom of impatience in his performance, which he will go through a dozen times or more in the same subdued manner, until at length the bolts are drawn, the door-chain falls, and he is heard to stump down-stairs. By-and-by a portentous rumbling is heard in the wall at your bed's head, as though the bricks and mortar were parting company: it is the sweep's many-jointed broom operating in the chimney's throat; and it rakes and scrapes all the way up to the roof in a most pertinacious manner, to the effectual disturbance of your dreams for a time. But it is soon over, and the sooty operator, having various other morning calls to make, pockets his fee, and, shouldering his bag, slinks silently out of the house as you lapse into dreamland again.

If it is the washerwoman, the sensation is somewhat different. Mrs. Sudds lacks the philosophy of Mr. Lum-bag, and has no notion of standing out there at the gate, shivering in the fog and mist, while "that Betty is a-snuggling of herself under the blankets." So she rings a regular peal on the bell, and renews it with a second pull ere the jangle of the first has died out; and in the middle of the clatter she gets the knocker into her fist, and comes down with a dab which fairly shakes you in your bed. The good woman hates doing things by halves; and, it being her business just now to get into the house, she adopts the most energetic mode of doing so. Besides, after her long walk through the mingled fog and darkness, she wants that capital cup of tea which is to inaugurate her long day's work, and the brewing of which is the first thing she will attend to

after lighting the kitchen fire, a duty of which she always relieves Betty on washing-days. If Mrs. Sudds finds things to her mind, and has not waited too long at the door, you may chance to hear no more of her after she is let in; though, if you should be so green a paterfamilias as to stay at home on washing-days, you may smell her professional atmosphere all the day long. But if things are not to Mrs. Sudd's mind—if, for instance, the cup of tea should prove a failure, or the water-butt be frozen, or the fire should be smoky—then the good woman may feel herself called upon to use strong measures, in which case it is not unlikely that she will take it into her head to "sky" the copper, of which exploit you are made aware by a dull earthquaky sound seeming to proceed from the bowels of the earth, and by the smell of gunpowder that penetrates to every corner of your dwelling: it is well if this be all, and if the explosion be not followed by a chorus of shrieks from the two too confident engineers, "hoist with their own petard."

The charwoman makes her advent with far less boldness and self-assertion. Her wandering life and the shifts and privations to which she has been reduced have taken the confidence out of her. She is generally the widow of some working man or labourer, who is left with a small family, in whose support and bringing up she is assisted by the gifts of the benevolent—perhaps the out-door dole of the workhouse. Formerly in servitude, she now cultivates the patronage of her old mistresses, and is but too glad to work for them by the day, and is grateful for the trifles of food or clothing which are often added to her day's fee for the sake of her fatherless children.

She looks forward to the time when they shall be established in life, and she be once more at liberty to re-engage herself with one or other of her old employers.



There is a pull at the bell some time between six and seven, followed instantly by the ringing cry "Mieau!" which thrills through the house and penetrates to the back yard. The morning milkman or milkwoman is the most regular of all the early morning callers, and the most methodical. There are some hundred and fifty

families whose breakfasts are depending for their comfortable completion upon his punctuality. It is Betty's duty—and he knows it—to be up and ready for him, and not to keep him waiting; and for the most part she does not fail; but she does fail sometimes, and then it is that

and is heard to scold the postman soundly for bringing "all them there letters, and ne'er a one for me."

There is a heavy shuffling and scuffling along the passage, attended by a kind of grampus-like snoring, and iron-shod feet are clumping past each other and



she is indebted to his good offices: when he can wait no longer, rather than get the girl into trouble, he will leave the modicum of milk in a tiny can in some snug corner near the door-step, or lower it into the area by a string and hook, and she will return the can when he comes round again in the afternoon with the milk for tea.

At what time the postman calls upon you in the morning will depend mainly upon the distance you happen to live from St. Martin's-le-Grand. Thousands of letters, especially those addressed to young ladies, are read every morning in bed, and we have a suspicion that it is very delightful letter-reading too; but where the writer dwells the postman's unscrupulous bang, which sounds like two single knocks thumped into one, comes too late for that, and we have our letters served up, like the catables, on a tray at the breakfast-table. Betty, who is often lax in her attendance at the street-door, is never so when the postman comes. The fact is, the jade has a sweetheart over the water, who is often epistolizing her; and sometimes the bangs are solely on her account, when she considers that she has the advantage of us, and shows it by an unmistakable air of triumph; at other times she is as much disappointed,

down the stairs that lead to the back of the house. Those hobnailed intruders are the dustmen, who make their morning calls as early as they choose and whenever they choose. They ignore our existence altogether, and do not seem to be conscious that such beings as housekeepers are to be met with—or, if they regard us at all, regard us as mere manufacturers of dust, of which they are the privileged proprietors. In this matter they are the masters, and they know it and take care to show it. The dust is theirs by contract, and no man, nor woman either, dares dispute their right. At irregular periods, which it is impossible to foresee, they come to their treasury, the dust-box, and bear off their treasure, with clamorous marchings and counter-marchings, and husky demands for beer-money, which they accept with a growl, and then disappear.

About breakfast-time—a time that varies with people variously circumstanced—we have several morning callers, all of whom are willing to supplement the morning meal if you will allow them. There is the baker's boy, with the hot rolls just steaming from the oven, and rolled up in blankets to keep the steam in them: he bawls "B'kaar!" as though the roar he utters burst from him without his complicity; and he bangs his

basket on the door-step fiercely, as if to intimate that he intends to serve you whether you will or no; and, the business or no-business done, he is off like a shot to explode elsewhere. There is the watercross-girl, who comes singing along the terrace the tune she has sung these ten years past, "Buy my cresses, fresh and green! buy, come buy!" and whose call upon her regular patrons is as constant as the milkman's. The poor girl leads a weary life of it: in all weathers she buys her stock at Farringdon Market long ere the sun is up, and trudges in all some twenty miles a day in getting rid of it. Then there is, at this season of the year, the Yarmouth bloater man, whose hollow, raucous, ram's-horn voice wakes up the echoes when he is afar off, but seems altogether to fail in force when he is close at hand. There is a marine air with him: everything about him has suffered a sea-change; the hue of the salt sea sand is the hue of his whole figure; dress, face, hands, hair, all seem to have been left stranded by the tide on some lonely shore. Then there is little Piper, the newspaper-boy, with a huge bundle of damp sheets tucked under his arm—"Star," "Telegraph," "Times," "Standard," and what not—which he is bound to deliver to his master's customers in time for discussion along with the coffee, toast, and eggs. This he accomplishes in various characteristic ways, thrusting them under doors, shoving them into open parlour-windows, or pitching them viciously at cook down the area, not without a saucy greeting to her or any other inmate of the house who may chance to be in view; and, by way of varying his occupation, he cries the papers as he trips along, bawling at the top of his voice, and thus does a little independent trade on his own account.

As we lie in bed some gloomy winter's morning, wondering whether it is going to get light at all to-day, our ears are greeted by a characteristic noise which never does greet them but in the depth of winter. It is a kind of clattering, crunching appeal to the paving-stones, which re-echoes from all sides up and down the streets, and is mingled with the sound of voices shouting aloud in terms not always pacific or complimentary. We know well enough what these sounds mean. They tell us that during the night there has been a fall of snow heavy enough to swathe the roads and footways in a white mantle inches deep. We have no need to rise and look out of window to verify the fact; for we hear the snow-birds shovelling away the snow and clearing the footways for the convenience of pedestrians. Of all the early morning callers to which Londoners are subject, we look upon these as the most forlorn and most worthy of our compassionate encouragement. They leave their beds—if they have beds to leave—before daybreak in the dreariest of all seasons, and hasten out with brooms, brushes, shovels, spades, hoes, picks, fire-pans—anything they can beg or borrow, to the nearest suburb, there to earn a few pence by laborious back-breaking toil under an inclement sky. They are a most pertinacious race, as it both behoves and becomes them to be, and are incapable, for the most part, of the weakness of taking No for an answer. It is the most politic, as it is the most charitable course, to comply with the demand they make for the job of clearing the snow from your door. It will cost more trouble to answer their repeated applications than the value of their modest wage; and, after all, you are bound by Act of Parliament to remove your share of the snow, under penalty. This the snow-birds are aware of, and hence the persistent pertinacity, which is pretty sure in the end to be successful. What the poor snow-birds do for a crust when the snow does

not spread its table-cloth for their breakfast—where the hundreds of famished boys and lads, and half-clad, half-grown girls, find the means of satisfying their hunger and sheltering their raggedness while the dismal London winter drags its slow length along—that is one of the sad social mysteries we have never been able to fathom.

Somewhat akin to the snow-bird, but in much better feather, is the winter water-carrier, who, when the frost plugs up the water-pipes, will not fail to make you a morning call daily, until the thaw sets in. He ranks as a regular industrial, not as a mere supernumerary; he is supposed, on what grounds we know not, to be in intimate relations with the turncock of the New River Company, and he has a claim to respectability as the proprietor of a yoke and a pair of pails at your service. He is Betty's ally, who, having no predilection for airing her bare elbows in the east wind in attendance on the street-plug, installs him as Aquarius of your establishment at the expense of sundry coppers daily: in return he looks after her interests a little—will bring her in firewood from the oil-shop, or carry a message to the grocer or butcher, or will even bandage a dropsical pipe in the scullery to save her from being flooded in that critical and anxious interval of time between the coming of the thaw and the arrival of the plumber.

The above constitute, I believe, nearly all the morning callers of the unfashionable class to whose visits the Londoner is subject throughout the year. If it should happen that I have omitted to notice one or two, they must please to excuse the unintentional neglect. I could say something about early birds who are not early callers; but to treat of them in this place would be, as legal folks phrase it, to travel out of the record, which I have certainly no intention of doing. Whether I shall touch upon them at a future opportunity, remains to be seen.

HOMER'S "ODYSSEY."

I.

ALL persons who have received a liberal education, and even most ordinary readers, are acquainted with the outline of the story of Homer's "Iliad," with its chief characters, and with some of its most remarkable scenes and descriptions, chiefly, perhaps, through the medium of Pope's version, or rather of extracts from it, used as quotations, or inserted in collections of English poetry. Lord Derby's translation of the "Iliad" will doubtless inspire the reading public generally of the present generation with somewhat of that increasing interest in the works of Homer which is universal among scholars, and in the literary world. The social and political eminence of the translator has combined with the excellence of his performance to ensure the more thorough perusal of the poem. The result of this has been, in all minds capable of forming a judgment on such subjects, the highest admiration of the genius which could form and carry out the conception of such a work, and clothe it with language which, even in a translation, is everywhere radiant with beauty and glory. And the more intimate and extended acquaintance with the merits of Homeric poetry, thus diffused by means of the "Iliad," can hardly fail to bring into more general notice the second great epic which has come down to us under the name of Homer. This is the "Odyssey," a poem as long as the "Iliad," and characterized by all its noblest qualities, while it possesses others peculiar to itself, rendering it, in many respects, a field of quite new interest and enjoyment to the readers of its better-known and more popular associate, "The Tale of Troy Divine." We propose to give an account of this very remarkable produc-

tion, necessarily a brief and meagre one, but sufficient, we hope, to substantiate our high estimate of its value, and to recommend it to the renewed study of those who are able to read it in the original, or of the more numerous class who must have recourse to one or other of the translations to which we shall refer.

The "Odyssey" derives its name from its hero, called in Greek *Odysseus*, but generally known under the Latinized form of the word *Ulysses*. This form, in deference to long established usage, we shall employ, although we shall speak of other important personages of the poem—the Greek deities—by their real names, and not the entirely different names of the Roman mythology, which, until of late years, have displaced them in our translations of Greek authors, and in all allusions to the theology and religion of the Greeks.

The subject of the "Odyssey" is the return of *Ulysses* to his native land, and the seat of his kingdom, the island of *Ithaca*, after an absence of twenty years, ten of which he had passed with the other confederate princes of Greece in the siege of *Troy*, and the remaining ten in wanderings, and numerous adventures by sea and land. He had left in *Ithaca* his queen *Penelope*, and his infant son *Telemachus*; and, for some years before his return, when for a long time no tidings of him had reached *Ithaca*, and he was supposed to have perished, *Penelope*, who was one of the most beautiful and accomplished princesses of Greece, had been importuned by a crowd of suitors, chiefs and princes of the neighbouring states, to make choice of one of them for her husband. These suitors established themselves in *Ithaca*, and passed their days in the palace of *Ulysses*, living most riotously, and consuming his possessions of flocks and herds and stores of wine in their daily banquets, compelling his household of servants, and other retainers, to act as the ministers of their pleasures. The unparalleled misfortunes of *Ulysses* and their happy termination, the insolence and tyranny of the suitors, and the complete and fearful retribution which they met with at his hands, constitute the main interest of the poem. It opens at a point of time about four weeks previous to its catastrophe; but occasion is taken in the course of it to narrate very fully the principal adventures of *Ulysses* during his ten years' wanderings, and some of the last scenes of the siege of *Troy*; and it forms, in fact, a sequel to the "*Iliad*," not only as thus continuing to its close the tale of *Troy*, but as giving also an account of the subsequent career and fate of the most important personages of that poem.

The plan or plot of the "Odyssey," like that of the "*Iliad*," is, in its general outline, extremely simple; but in its arrangement of minor events, and in its details, it is far more complex and elaborate, and exhibits more ingenuity and artistic skill. We may illustrate the difference between the two epics by means of the well-known divisions of dramatic compositions, in saying that it has about as many acts as the "*Iliad*," but more scenes. One proof of its skilful construction may be found in the fact that its admirable contrivance for informing the reader of important events which occurred previously to the commencement of the action of the poem, by making *Ulysses* the narrator of his own ten years' adventures, is imitated by *Virgil* in his "*Æneid*," and *Milton* in his "*Paradise Lost*." Indeed, the former part (the first six books) of the great Roman epic, the "*Æneid*," which is framed on the plan of the "Odyssey," is far superior to the latter part, which is as evidently a direct imitation of the "*Iliad*."

There are not in the "Odyssey" so many prominent characters as in the "*Iliad*." But the principal character,

Ulysses, is invested with far greater interest than either of the most important personages of the earlier epic, *Achilles* or *Hector*. He is evidently a creation in which the poet took extreme delight. He is so presented to us from his first appearance, and even before it, to the end of the poem, as to enlist all our sympathies in his favour, and to excite our admiration of his demeanour, sentiments, and conduct, under the ever-varying circumstances in which he is placed. We get to know him thoroughly, with a most vivid perception of his personal presence, and manner of speech and action, and experience in ourselves somewhat of the fascination which he exercised upon all with whom he held intercourse—wife, parents, fellow-warriors, servants, strangers, enemies. In fact, there is no character, imaginary or historical, described in the whole range of classical literature whose personality is so distinct, and conveys to the mind such an impression of reality, as that of *Ulysses*.

One great charm of the "Odyssey," altogether wanting in the "*Iliad*," is its possession of a heroine—a female character, second in importance only to the chief personage, appearing at the commencement of the poem, and kept almost constantly before us to the end—a woman who is a model of the graces and virtues of her sex. This is *Penelope*, the wife of *Ulysses*, whose name has become the proverbial representative of feminine prudence and ingenuity, of patient endurance, and devoted conjugal affection. Her presence and action, the long sorrow of her hope delayed, and the vexations and dangers by which she is encompassed, create a deep and universal interest, and impart a softened and elevated tone to the whole work, and must especially commend it to the sympathies of female readers. And the numerous scenes in which she is introduced afford subjects worthy of the attention of our painters and sculptors of the highest rank in art. Not that a great inventive genius would be required for their representation. Grouping, attitudes, expression of features, are all there; nothing but corresponding skill in execution is necessary to convert the poetical into the most admirable pictorial delineations.

The "Odyssey" is again distinguished from the "*Iliad*" by its peaceful character. There is not in it a single description of a pitched battle between armed hosts, such as met on the plains of *Troy*, or of a combat between distinguished chieftains and warriors, such as so frequently occurs in the story of the "*Iliad*." But it abounds in personal adventures in great variety, and narrated, for the most part, with much minuteness of detail. Some of these are of the most surprising nature, and quite of the Oriental type, resembling more the stories in the "*Arabian Nights*" than any other inventions of poetic imagination with which we are acquainted. Others, which have nothing in their scenery or action at all extraordinary, are yet rendered equally interesting with the narratives of ghosts, giants, and monsters by the poet's wonderful power of graphic description, and the exquisite harmony of his versification.

By means of this poem we obtain an insight into the social and domestic life of the Greeks of the heroic or pre-historic age, and, to some extent, into their civil and municipal institutions. In the "*Iliad*" all the Greeks with whom we are conversant are in a foreign land, and all of them, as well as the Asiatics of the poem, engaged more or less deeply in warfare, or affected by its circumstances and consequences; but in the "Odyssey" we are introduced to the Greeks at home. We see them in their ordinary state, and amidst the concerns and pursuits of every-day life, in the palace and the cottage, in the city and in the field. To most minds, and espe-

cially to those of a matured and sobered intelligence, such representations are as full of interest as the descriptions of adventures, horrors, and hair-breadth escapes are to the young and enterprising. In fact, entertainment is provided in the "Odyssey" for minds of every order, and in such judicious proportion and combination, that none are fatigued by having their attention too long restricted to the subjects with which they have least sympathy.

The religious element cannot be said to have a greater preponderance in the "Odyssey," or in any poem that ever was composed, than in the "Iliad." For in the "Iliad" almost every transaction is conducted, in the representations of the poet, and in the consciousness of the agents, under the eye of a deity, and most frequently with some divine interposition. But the religious element in the "Odyssey" is certainly more distinct, uniform, and coherent than in the "Iliad." It is, as some would say, more transcendental. The divine will, guidance, direct providential action, exhibited in a special mode of interference, is the thread on which all the events of the poem and all the actions of its human characters are strung. This is not due to any difference between the theology of the two poems, or a change in the religious sentiments or feelings of the author, but to the fact that the subject of the "Odyssey" is more nearly single and personal than that of the "Iliad," consisting of the fortunes and achievements of its hero; the only other human personages who have any prominence being his wife and his son. This distinction of subject and design is at once discernible by a comparison of the very first lines of the two epics. That of the "Iliad" is—

"Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus ;"

that of the "Odyssey"—

"Muse, tell me of the man of many wiles who wandered much and far."

It is the man Ulysses, distinguished above all other Greeks of his own, or any other age, by the combination of the noblest qualities of humanity, and by the variety and strangeness of the incidents of his life, whom personally the bard announces as his theme, to whom personally he invites, and on whom he intends to keep fixed, the attention of the reader. Now this man, wise, valiant, just, and good, the best of rulers, husbands, and fathers, and especially exemplary for his piety, his strict observance of the laws and ordinances of heaven, was exposed to misfortunes and trials unequalled for their severity and length of duration. But he is destined to survive them all, to triumph over them all, to attain the cherished object of his heart's desire, and to become a signal example of success and prosperity. This result is accomplished as an effect of the divine will, and by divine agency; and not only so, but through all his weary pilgrimage, and in his greatest sufferings and dangers, he is watched over and cared for, often visited and encouraged, by a divine being who had taken him into especial tutelage and favour.

This protector is the great goddess Athenè (Minerva). And it is her consistent constant action for him and with him, and his own consciousness of it, from the beginning to the end of the poem, which impart to its religious element the marked definiteness and uniformity, and also the comparative truth and purity, by which, amidst the gross evils of heathen life, this poem is characterized. Athenè, let it be remembered, is a very different being from all the other imaginary deities represented in Homer, or subsequent Greek poetry. There is nothing in her conduct or character in any degree revolting or ridiculous. She is the personification of wisdom, power, justice, and goodness, and, in this

poem, of a special providence, and of the divine favour extended in all circumstances to the righteous man.

The "Odyssey" was long ago translated into heroic or ten-syllable verse by Chapman, a specimen of whose translation of the "Iliad" into fourteen-syllable verse was given in our notice of Lord Derby's "Homer" in No. 689. His version is frequently very spirited and musical, but its general tameness and the quaintness of its language render it unreadable at the present day. Pope undertook to translate the "Odyssey" as well as the "Iliad;" but, wearied probably by the great labour of his first performance, associated with himself two far inferior poets, Brome and Fenton, who executed half the translation of the "Odyssey" which passes under his name. Cowper also translated the "Odyssey" into blank verse as well as the "Iliad." In later days, a translation possessing considerable merit, and which, like Pope's, is in the heroic couplet, has been produced by Sotheby, and another in blank verse by M. T. Chapman, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The most recent English version of the "Odyssey" is in the Spenserian stanza—the work of Mr. Worsley, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. We do not think that the Spenserian stanza is a better representative of the Homeric hexameter than rhymed couplets or blank verse, but it is certainly more adapted to the "Odyssey" than it would be to the "Iliad." And Mr. Worsley's performance is equal to that of any of his predecessors as a poem, and in general preserves far more successfully than the best of them the true spirit of the original. We shall present our readers with specimens from several of these, and with translations of some passages from writers who have attempted only portions of the poem.

The first book opens with a council of the gods, in which Athenè makes an appeal to her father, Zeus, (Jupiter), the supreme deity, on behalf of Ulysses, who now, in the tenth year of his wanderings after the destruction of Troy, is detained in the island Ogygia by the nymph Calypso, who desires to make him her consort, offering him immortality and perpetual youth. But he steadfastly refuses her splendid bribe.

Continually, with soft and winning words,
She tries to enchant him, that he may forget Ithaca; but Ulysses,
Earnestly longing if it were but to see the smoke ascending
From his own land, desires (in that hour) to die.

It is agreed that Hermes (Mercury) shall be sent to Calypso to command her to set Ulysses free, and that Athenè shall proceed to Ithaca to invite Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, to undertake a voyage in quest of his father.

Her descent is then described, and her entrance into the palace in the form of Mentes, an old friend of Ulysses. She finds the suitors (who, as we are afterwards informed, are one hundred and eighteen in number) feasting in the halls, is received hospitably by Telemachus, encourages him with hopes of his father's return, and engages him to set out on an expedition of inquiry, indicating his route. She then vanishes, and Telemachus is thus made aware that he has been visited and advised by a god.

The minstrel Phemius, who, by compulsion, always attended the banquets of the suitors, now begins to sing, to the music of his harp, the song of the disastrous return of the Greeks from Troy; and this introduces Penelope. The passage is best translated by Worsley:—

Soon to the upper chamber rose the sound,
Even to the ear of sage Penelope;
Whence by tall staircase to the lower ground
Passed the grave queen, but not alone went she;
With her, fair maidens twain did move in company.

Under the pillar of the well-built dome
 She halted, and let down her shining veil.
 There to each side one of her maids did come,
 Thence to the noble bard she made appeal:
 "Phemius, thou know'st full many a charita to steal.
 Rapt hearts, the exploits both of god and man,
 All minstrelsy that bards can make us feel—
 Sing thou of these, for such a minstrel can,
 While all in silence drink, as when thy stave began.

"But cease, I pray thee, from so dark a theme,
 Which always in my breast my heart doth rend,
 Since long familiar sorrow and pangs extreme
 Sweep on my soul, and waste me without end;
 For that my ceaseless memory doth bind
 Regretful back to the old days of him,
 My husband, one so mighty, who did send
 A torch through Hellas that shall ne'er grow dim,
 And with his rumour filled whole Argos to the brim."

Telemachus, who, under the inspiration of the heavenly visit, seems suddenly to have assumed the attributes of manhood and the authority of his father's heir, reproves his mother for over-sensitiveness; and, on her retirement, addresses a stern rebuke to the suitors, evidently with some effect. Night comes on, and we have a charming picture of Telemachus attended to his bed-chamber by his own and father's aged nurse, Euryclea.

In the morning he convenes, according to the counsel of Athenè, an assembly of the burghers of the city and the suitors, and in an impassioned speech states his wrongs. He is answered by the chief and worst of the suitors, Antinous, who in the course of his reply describes the famous deception which had been practised upon them by Penelope—

"Now of all others hearken this device
 Which in her mind the queen did frame. She reared
 There in her halls a mighty loom of price.
 Anon before the suitors she appeared,
 And said: 'Young men, my suitors, what I feared
 Is come; divine Odysseus is no more;
 Woo ye, but leave my widowhood revered
 A little while until my task is o'er,
 Lost my long purposed work fall void for evermore.

"I for Laertes weave a funeral sheet
 Against the final debt that he must pay;
 And I were shamed the Achaian dames to meet,
 Should the long slumber find but shroudless clay
 Of one who owned much lordship in his day.'
 So did she speak amid the suitor-throng,
 And, so persuaded, our large heart gave way.
 Daily she weaved; then, working grievous wrong,
 By night the woof unwound, with torches ranged along.

"So for three years she prospered in her wile;
 But when the fourth came with the season's flight,
 One of her women, making known the guile,
 Showed us the queen unwinding in the night.
 So force, not will, constrained her to the right."

It is evident that either the poet or the public of his time delighted in this story, for it is related twice more in the "Odyssey."

After an angry debate, Telemachus proceeds to make preparations for his voyage, and is joined by Athenè, in the form of Mentor, an aged Ithacan of high rank, whom Ulysses had left in charge of his possessions. Conscious of her protection, but not of her actual presence, he embarks at eventide with a chosen crew, and sailing along at their ease with a favourable gale—

They set them up goblets crowned with wine,
 And made libations to the immortal gods, who live for ever,
 But of all especially to the bright-eyed daughter of Zeus;
 Then all night long, and to the dawn, the ship held on her way.

We pass over the visit to Pylos, the city of the venerable Nestor, where Athenè parts company with Telemachus. Next day, the young prince, with the son of Nestor, proceeds overland to Lacedemon, the city of Menelaus, who, with his recovered wife Helen, now reigns there in great splendour. Menelaus tells them a wonderfully wild story of an adventure of his in catching the sea-god Proteus, and forcing him to inform him of the fate of his companion in arms. Thus Telemachus

is apprised of his father's existence, and detention by Calypso. The revelations of Proteus end in a very remarkable prediction of the translation of Menelaus—

"But, Menelaus! not for thee thy doom
 Has death prepared in Argos; thee the gods
 Have destined to the blest Elysian isles,
 Earth's utmost boundaries; Rhadamanthus there
 For ever reigns, and there the human kind
 Enjoy the easiest life; no snow is there,
 No biting winter, and no drenching shower,
 But Zephyr always gently from the sea
 Breathes on them to refresh the happy race,
 Because that Helen is thy wife, and these
 They deem, for her sake, near allied to Jove."

—Cowper.

The scene then changes to Ithaca, where the suitors, by the advice of Antinous, plan an expedition to intercept and kill Telemachus on his return. A most affecting picture is drawn of the grief and despair of Penelope on hearing of her son's enterprise. She is comforted by a dream sent by Athenè, in which her sister appears to her and assures her of the safety of Telemachus under the protection of the goddess; and here occurs an affecting touch of nature, and proof of Penelope's constant remembrance and tender care of her husband. Even in the dream she catches at the opportunity of getting some information about him. She says to the phantom—

"If, then, thou art divine, and heard'st the voice of a deity,
 Oh, if so, come now, tell me of him, too, the ill-fated one,
 Whether anywhere he still lives, and sees the light of the sun,
 Or is already dead, and in the mansions of the world unseen."

But the vision may not answer the inquiry.

At length, in the fifth book, the hero himself appears. Hermes is sent to the island of Calypso. His passage hither from heaven, and the scenery around the grotto of the nymph, form one of the most beautiful descriptions in the poem. The best translation of it which we have seen is by Leigh Hunt:—

He said; and straight the herald Argicide
 Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
 Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
 O'er seas and lands, like waftage of the air;
 His rod, too, that can close the eyes of men
 In balmy sleep, and open them again,
 He took, and holding it in hand, went flying;
 Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying,
 Down to it sheer he dropp'd, and scour'd away,
 Like the wild gull, that, fishing o'er the bay,
 Flaps on, with pinions dripping in the brine;
 So went on the far sea the shape divine.
 And now, arriving at the isle, he springs
 Oblique, and landing, with subsided wings
 Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
 Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely looks.
 He paused; and there came on him as he stood
 A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
 That threw a perfume all about the isle;
 And she within sat spinning all the while,
 And sang a lovely song that made him hark and smile.
 A sylvan nook it was grown round with trees,
 Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
 In which all birds of ample wing, the owl,
 And hawk had nests, and broad-tongued water-fowl.
 The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
 Whose dark, round bunches almost burst with wine;
 And from four springs, running a sprightly race,
 Four fountains, clear and crisp, refreshed the place;
 While all about a meadowy ground was seen
 Of violets mingling with the parsley green;
 So that a stranger, though a god were he,
 Might well admire it, and stand there to see;
 And so admiring, there stood Mercury.

The nymph is compelled to yield to the commands of Zeus, and proceeds to communicate his intention to Ulysses. She knows well where to find him—on the beach, sitting on a rock, gazing with tear-dimmed eye upon the barren deep; there he passed all his days, wasting his precious life in hopeless longings for his home. She with difficulty convinces him of her sincerity in promising to dismiss him; and then supplies him

with the means of making a raft, and gives him provision, and instructions for the voyage. He sails prosperously for seventeen days, and comes in sight of the mountains of the island of the Phœaciens (Corfu), when Poseidon (Neptune), the god of ocean, who of all the deities is now alone hostile to him, raises a tremendous storm, which is described with all the power of language and of verse. All the winds, at the bidding of their great master, unite in the persecution of the hapless mariner. Taking up the undoubtedly common idea of a vessel in a storm being the "sport" of the winds, the poet thus describes their wild play:—

As when the autumnal north wind wags the tufts of thistle down
Over the plain, and they in thick masses cling to one another,
So, over the sea, the winds bore along the raft hither and thither;
Sometimes the south wind pitched it to the north wind to pass it on,
And sometimes again the east wind gave it up to the west wind to chase.

Ulysses is saved by the interference of a divinity. The nymph Leucothea, pitying him, perches on his raft in the form of a sea-bird, and gives him a charmed zone, which is to act as a life-belt, bidding him trust to that, and to his own power of swimming, for his safety. She thus addresses him:—

"Ill-fated one, why with thee is Poseidon, the shaker of earth,
Thus vehemently enraged, that he causes thee so many woes?
He shall not, however, destroy thee, eager for it though he be.
But do thou thus, at once, for thou seemest to me not unwise,
These garments strip off; the raft to be borne by the winds
Abandon; but, swimming with thy hands, strive to get to shore
On the land of the Phœaciens, whither it is thy destiny to escape.
And here, bind beneath thy breast this scarf
Immortal; no fear there is that thou suffer aught or perish;
But when thou shalt have touched the firm land with thy hands,
Stripping it off thee again, cast it into the dark deep,
Far from the land; but in casting it turn thy back to the sea."

Thus, but not until after perils of two days and nights, he escapes safe to land.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

BY AN OLD COLONIST.

BEFORE giving a few practical hints to intending emigrants, it may be well to say something about the motives which induce such vast numbers year by year to leave their native land. The fact is, that in our little British Isles, with rapidly increasing population and sorely pressing competition, there is not now "room enough for all." It has come with many to be a struggle for life; and hence the one great motive with emigrants is simply a desire "to better their condition in life." This, no doubt, is the main inducement; but it assumes various phases, according to the circumstances of the intending emigrants, their ages, sex, and occupations, and therefore some useful hints may be given by treating this general motive in detail.

It is within the knowledge of the writer that the most anxious class of people to emigrate are those holding situations, such as clerks and shopmen. Apparently the feeling of independence, which is so strong in the Englishman, yearns to assume its position among those who are dependent for a livelihood upon their masters. The man of spirit and intelligence often longs to be free from the trammels of a situation that does not suit his disposition, even at the risk of endangering his future prospects in life. If such individuals be single, there is not much harm done in trying their abilities in a colony, whence, if they fail, they can easily return home "wiser, but sadder" men. On the other hand, if a wife and family depend upon his earnings, the *employé*, anxious to better his circumstances by emigrating, cannot be too careful how he gives up a certainty for an

uncertainty. If his salary be sufficient to maintain his family economically, and save as much as would pay their united passages and outfit to a colony, depend upon it that he had better put up with the evils he has "than fly to those he knows not of." The very means he may have saved to take this step would prove a safer investment in securing independence at home than abroad. In the old country there are many ways where the steady dependant may work himself up to the position of an employer—certainly slower, but surer than in a new one. To commence business, however, in any of the colonies requires the same capital and connection as in England; without which the emigrant clerk or shopman, as a last resort, strives to obtain what he left behind—namely, a situation. Ten to one he is disappointed even here, as the applicants are more numerous by far than the appointments or places. In that case he finds himself put to the greatest straits for a living, and is glad to follow even a menial occupation rather than see his children starve. He finds all his education and knowledge of business of little value, and sinks in the scale of colonial society below the common labourer, whose occupation is always in demand.

This is the dark side of the picture; nevertheless, it is the common one in prospect before the toilers, late and early, behind the desk and counter, who are bent on emigrating with no other means or qualifications to begin the world anew in a strange place. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, and unfriended men of this class have prospered in their callings and risen to wealth and influence. Not a few instances of this are known in the Australian colonies, where one of the Premiers of the Ministry of Victoria began his career in Melbourne by opening a small grocery-store which he swept out himself every morning; and a lawyer's clerk in Sydney rose to be Attorney-General of New South Wales. But these were men of extraordinary energy, and worked their way up the ladder of prosperity in the face of difficulties which would have caused ordinary individuals to give up in despair. The same may be said of others having no special avocation, but who, by sheer force of character and intelligence, have made themselves an honourable position and pursued a prosperous career in those new fields of industry who probably might have ended their days in indigence at home. To point out the qualifications which lead to the goal of success would be to discuss the broad subject of "self-help," which fills one of the most useful volumes of the day.

There is one thing, however, worthy of remark in the instances of successful colonists, that their cases are always brought forward as examples of what can be done, and how any man may make a rapid fortune. On the other hand, it is very rarely that mention is made of those who started with means and fair prospects, and have become ruined; just as cases of lucky finders of large gold nuggets are bruited abroad, while those who have toiled in vain, or earned a scanty subsistence at the gold-fields, are not heard of. Hence the sanguine possessor of a small business or capital rushes blindly into colonial speculation, confident that he will make his fortune in a few years, and return back to his native country to enjoy it. Much misery and distress have accrued from such injudicious and reckless views of emigration, especially where a wife and young family are the sufferers. The thriving tradesman has often left a comparatively flourishing business for some Utopian scheme, and the comfortably situated office-man has frequently given up a safe appointment for visions of wealth and independence never to be realized.

It is a noticeable fact, that where married men of the middle-class emigrate with the cordial support of their wives, they get on much better than their bachelor fellow-colonists, or those whose wives reluctantly leave home. Many an emigrant finds in his loved partner useful qualities which the conventionalities of society in the mother-country prevented being developed. Instead of being merely a domestic drudge, spending her husband's earnings without adding to the slender purse, the industrious wife becomes a true help-mate to him. Many a wealthy merchant and landowner at the present day throughout our dependencies can look back with honest pride to the time when his precarious earnings at the commencement of his colonial career have been supplemented by those of his wife, so that they could save a little to lay the nest-egg of independence. Sometimes the wife and daughters by skill in millinery, have laid the foundation of the husband and father's lucrative import trade in Manchester goods; or the family assiduously attending behind the counter of a general store have by that means saved expenses and increased the business, until they retired to a luxurious home, while the head of the house has become the founder of an eminent firm. In this manner the members of the non-producing sex in the middle sphere of life in England become profitable workers in the colonies. Hence family emigration with such a spirit is the most successful of all, not only to the emigrants themselves, but to the colony where they take up their abode. At the best, bachelor-emigrants are erratic colonists, and however much they may labour to build up the fabric of these embryo nations, yet they are not the mainstay of the community until they have settled down as family men. Hence the prudent bachelor, determined to make his home in one of the colonies, cannot do better than select a fair partner for life, willing to emigrate, and make their wedding tour the voyage to the land of his adoption.

Sometimes the motives to emigrate arise from chagrin at seeing others get on in the world, discontent arising from an uncomfortable social position, or disappointment in the affections. It may be supposed that this class of emigrants would turn out unsatisfactory colonists. On the contrary, as a rule they are the most energetic, and consequently the first to find out the road to wealth. Moreover, in leaving home they leave disagreeable associations behind; so that the ties which bound them to their native land are either fairly severed on the voyage, or so weakened that they land without any desire to go back. Having thrown off the old patched coat, the vigorous immigrant of this stamp tucks up his sleeves the moment he treads colonial ground, and tackles the first piece of work that comes to hand; while others may be looking about doing nothing, and spending what little savings they have brought. Such individuals say, with commendable pride, "Well, here I am. I will prove to the folks at home that I had some of the right stuff in me to do as well as my prosperous neighbours, if it had not been for the depressing effects of my misfortunes. Here I shall begin life anew, with the experience of the past, 'a fair field, and no favour,' and I know I shall succeed." When that time does arrive he has no home-sickness to induce him to return to the scenes of his youth and spend his fortune, but remains contentedly in the land of his adoption, now probably the birthplace of his children, and becomes a leading member in the social or political institutions of the colony.

A large section of those who emigrate do so with feelings of an opposite character to the foregoing; a

class who leave home with tears of regret, and tear themselves away from their fatherland as if they suffered banishment. However laudable this affection for home and kindred may be, it is not the feeling that should predominate on the occasion; and, if strongly entertained by the intending emigrant, it should decide in favour of remaining at home. However, it is surprising how soon this intense feeling evaporates or cools down on the voyage out, or after a few years' absence from old associations, among new friends, who appear as kind, if not kinder, than those left behind. Should fortune favour such individuals, and they return to their old home and friends, it often happens that they are disappointed; their home-sickness is dissipated after a short sojourn amongst them, and they return with satisfaction to spend the remainder of their days in their adopted home. Even where the successful colonist becomes a *millionnaire*, and he intends to spend his princely colonial income in the luxurious cities of Europe, this mode of life falls on his taste, or he finds himself a nobody amongst the aristocratic society he covets, and he gladly returns to the colony where he is somebody, to spend his time and means in furthering the interests of the community where he made his fortune.

Not a few there are whose motives in emigrating are from mental or bodily affliction. The former may be suffering grief from the death of those who were their prop in life, or shame from the backslidings of unworthy relatives, or from their own failings or faults. To such there is a haven of rest or a fresh field for exertion, and new scenes and associations quickly dispel the painful thoughts of home. A hopeful disposition will soon find renewed happiness in the future, where there is nothing to keep awake the recollections of the gloomy past. In like manner, those who suffer bodily affliction from the variable climate and rigid seasons of the British isles may hope to regain health in a more genial climate. Australia is the sunny clime that suits those who suffer from that common disease consumption, and where many have been restored to perfect health, becoming there useful members of society, when here they might have been laid in an early grave.

Many young men emigrate from no other motive than to see the world, and perchance hit upon some fortunate scheme of making an independency, which is beyond their grasp at home. Professional people and others who follow regular vocations call these emigrants "adventurers," as if there was something slighting in the appellation. Taken in its general acceptation, all emigrants are adventurers; and if some have more schemes in their head than trade or profession in their hands, it does not follow that they are less necessary in the great work of colonization. On the contrary, it is by enterprising emigrants of this class that the wilderness is first opened up to the settler, and through their enterprise and adventure the resources of the country are discovered, which might have remained dormant for generations but for them. Of such individuals were the discoverers of gold in Australia and America, a discovery which has advanced the colonies where the coveted metal has been found at least a century on the goal to prosperity. No doubt there are reckless and unprincipled emigrants of this stamp, who are neither a credit to the mother-country nor useful to the colony; but they soon find their level among the dregs of society, and live and die in obscurity. Nowhere in the British dominions is individual character condemned or appreciated so thoroughly as in the colonies, and nowhere does native worth attain its due position, irrespective of connections

or antecedents. The rough but honest song of the Scottish bard, "A man's a man for a' that," is echoed throughout those communities.

In all ages the "thirst for gold," as the Spaniards aptly termed it, has been the strongest incentive to emigration in individuals and colonization by states. Since the discovery of gold in our Australian, New Zealand, and North American colonies, this motive has induced more people to emigrate than all others put together. Still it cannot be termed a special motive, but rather comes under the general desire to better one's condition. In the abstract, the mere craving for gold is no peculiar passion or sentiment: it is only because this metal has been set up as a standard of value that people seek it, to purchase the necessities and luxuries of life. Hence the mass of emigrants who flock to the gold-fields are impelled by all the various motives enumerated, only this pursuit appears to sanguine minds the readiest way to secure wealth. If one feeling more than another prevails among this class of emigrants, it is that blind belief in fortune vulgarly called "luck." Each one rushes into the lottery of gold-digging in the full belief that he will win a prize nugget. How few realize such sanguine expectations the records of the gold-colonies can show; but the number who have drawn blanks is not known, though their name is legion. Nevertheless, sufficient has transpired from time to time to show that, after all, this exciting pursuit is, on the average, less remunerative than most steady employments; consequently the great majority of those who emigrated for that purpose have taken to industrial pursuits more congenial and more profitable.

While these general remarks apply to all classes of emigrants, it is of importance to note that mechanics, labourers, and others belonging to what is called the working class are the most eligible individuals to emigrate. This is shown in the fact that, whereas persons of business and professional pursuits must pay their own passages to the colonies, those of the industrial occupations may obtain free passages, or at a trifling cost, according to certain conditions. In this respect emigrants are classed as assisted or unassisted. While the colonial authorities make no provision for the conveyance of shopmen, clerks, and others unacquainted with any trade, they provide ships for masons, brick-makers, plasterers, mechanics, farm-labourers, shepherds, domestic servants, and others skilled in some trade or useful in a labouring capacity. No better criterion exists, in ascertaining who are the most eligible persons of the working class to emigrate, than a reference to the lists furnished by each colony to the Colonization Commissioners of those entitled to free or assisted passages.

Whatever may be the motive which induces persons of this class to emigrate, there is one point they should not forget, and that is their indebtedness to the Colony for granting them passages, which other emigrants have to pay for. It is true that the colonists are anxious for their services, and thereby they confer a benefit. Nevertheless, it has been too much the case that these advantages have been forgotten, and bounty emigrants have often tried to shirk the repayment of the money advanced to assist their passage. As single men of this class are the most difficult to control, the Commissioners give a preference to married men without children, or families with grown-up sons. Not only are the passages of such emigrants paid wholly or partially, but every assistance is given to them on arriving in the colony, until they are fairly employed.

Varieties.

TAXATION.—The average annual taxation per head in Italy at present is only £1, whereas in Great Britain it is £2 6s. 8d.; in Holland, £2 6s. 8d.; in France, £2; in Austria, £1; in Russia, 16s. 8d.; and in Spain, £1 10s.

MEDDLING WITH ADMINISTRATION.—Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him—"Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?" No; you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across.—"*Speeches of Abraham Lincoln.*"

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The Board of Trade returns concerning railways give the following statistics of the accidents and injuries to life and limb occurring on all the railways open for traffic in the United Kingdom and Ireland during the year ending December 31, 1864:—Throughout all England and Wales, on 8890 miles of line, there were during this period 12 passengers killed and 601 injured from causes beyond their own control, while 19 were killed and 6 injured on account of their own misconduct and want of caution. Of companies' servants there were killed 13 and 56 injured from causes beyond their own control, while 62 were killed and 14 injured by reason of their own carelessness or misconduct. 16 persons were killed and 1 was injured at level crossings; 41 trespassers met their death, and 5 were only wounded; 5 deaths and 1 injury are classified as miscellaneous, making a total of 168 killed and 684 injured. In Scotland, on 2105 miles, 34 were killed and 65 were injured on railways from every cause. In Ireland, on 1794 miles, from every cause, 20 were killed and 46 injured.

AMERICAN CURRENCY.—At the commencement of this year the paper currency of the United States was, in round numbers, a thousand million of dollars.

HEATHENDOM IN GREAT CITIES.—Mr. William Chambers, in an inaugural speech as Lord Provost of Edinburgh, thus referred to the condition of parts of that city, which is too much paralleled in all our great towns:—"I should like to be remembered as a working Lord Provost, by which I mean that I will endeavour to promote in a substantial manner the good of the city. To that, of course, I hold myself specially devoted, and, if it please God, I may possibly be a humble instrument in improving the physical condition of our ancient metropolis. But my aims are not confined to mere bodily well-being. I desire to elevate and improve the masses, if that be at all practicable: I wish to see some distinct moral and religious advancement. In the course of my perambulations in the Old Town during the last week, I have been very much struck with the vastness of the mass of people over whom, I fear, our ordinary religious institutions exercise but a very feeble effect. The spectacle is absolutely pitiable. There is an upper world and a nether world, and this nether world resembles those awful depths of ocean into which the light of God's blessed sun scarcely penetrates. Is society aware of this strange condition of things? I take a Sunday, when bells are ringing to church, and everything in the upper world looks tranquil and pious; but dip into the nether world, and we seem to have got sunk down into a sort of heathendom—have got back, as it were, before the introduction of Christianity."

NEAPOLITAN BRIGANDAGE.—"Neapolitan brigandage," says Count Maffei, whose former official connection with the province enables him to speak with authority on the subject, "is only the symptom of the decay that for centuries has been constantly undermining that unhappy country. The peasant there has no interest to bind him to the soil. In those districts there is a part of the population designated by the name of *terrazani*, who have actually nothing to live upon but the proceeds of plunder and theft. The misery and destitution of these classes are the direct causes of brigandage. When the poor labourer compares the brigand's life with his own wretched lot, he cannot avoid drawing conclusions far from favourable to the cause of law and order; and we cannot wonder that that romantic existence lures him from the constant labour and misery to which, in his own station, he is hopelessly condemned. The voice of conscience is silenced, and he betakes himself to a course of life which appears to him a legitimate way of obtaining his livelihood."